

THE STAGE AND ITS RAMIFICATIONS

David Warfield
and Jane Cooper
"The Music Master"
Knickerbocker



Patricia
Collinge
who is
"Pollyanna"
at the
Hudson



Charles
Hopkins
in
"Treasure Island"
resuming
at the
Punch and Judy



IN WIGS AND WINGS

Brief Report of the Trial of a Hardened Offender

By HEYWOOD BROWN

ENOUGH evidence is in now to make a case for or against the present theatrical season. First comes the prosecutor. The season is not exactly bad. He is weak rather than vicious. I would have him put away for the things he has not done rather than his overt acts. And yet there was "A Little Bit of Fluff."

The prisoner at the bar is a liar. He is glib and often entertaining, but there is no truth in him. Can any member of the jury name a single play produced this season which shows careful study of any phase of life? "Bunker Bean" comes nearest this requirement. It contains some real people, but they are entirely surrounded by the theatre. No member of the jury can name a play which is so admirably built that its lack of verity is redeemed in acting opportunities.

"The Man Who Came Back" has several excellent moments of thrill, but they are mixed with tricks which do not excite. "The Intruder" also is not entirely airtight, for its last act certainly drags.

But though there is no play which rubs elbows with life and no superlatively well built play the season might attain salvation along other avenues. Let's see. Is there any fanciful and poetic play which opens the eyes to those truths which are too little or too big for literal treatment? There is no such play.

Is there any play whose wit or whose humor is so abounding that nobody cares whether it is true or whether it is well built? "Turn to the Right" has one such act, but the others do not live up to that height, and so I say that again the answer is no. Nor is great acting achieved by dint of great playing rather than great plays. There is no performance which measures up to that of Miss Emily Stevens in "The Unchastened Woman," Leo Dietrichstein in "The Great Lover," or Barney Bernard in "Potash and Perlmutter in Society."

And so I ask that the present season be shunted up on a platform and hanged by the neck until dead. The difficulty will lie in telling when it is dead.

The attorney for the defence rises and blows his nose. He wishes to show that he is not in the least hurried by the undoubted eloquence of the public prosecutor.

Can it be denied that "Turn to the Right" is a good show? Isn't it true that the Gaiety is selling out every night? Anything which so many people like so much must have definite beneficial qualities. Mugs, the pick-pocket, is one of the most amusing roles brought to the theatre in a good many seasons, and Ruth Chester succeeds in sentimentalizing a mother part without once overdoing the soft appeal. Charles Abbe as Papa in "Bunker Bean" caricatures but in no wise distorts a competent sketch of the busy business man. Nor can any sane person deny that the Flapper of Florence Shirley is a girl one might bump into at any soda fountain.

Who wants a better thrill in the theatre than that moment when Marcelle crawls out of her bunk in the opium joint and confronts the man who is going to come back? George Nash has a fine part as a malefactor of great wealth and more nerve in "Under Sentence" and prison reform is timely. "Cheating Cheaters" is an ingenious trick play, and "Arms and the Girl" is excellent light comedy. "Nothing but the Truth" is almost constantly funny, and "Hush" has only a short dull patch. "Pierrot the Prodigal" is the most artistic pantomime New York has seen in years. Not only should the jury acquit the wriggler, but they ought to shake

hands and chip in to buy him a medal. The twelve good men and true retire from the jury box and after a seasonable interval the judge sends in to find out whether they have reached a verdict. The messenger returns "Your honor," he reports, "they've gone to the movies."

We criticised a society play this year and one of the authors said that she didn't think we knew anything about society. Unfortunately she was right, but yet we have courage to make one more venture. This time it is "Rich Man, Poor Man." If act two of that play, which purports to be a living room in the home of Peter Beeston, a Wall Street king, accurately represents the quarters of the rich we shall sedulously cherish our poverty.

In act three the fearful looking place has been made still more hideous by the addition of strings of pink flowers. Beeston points out the decorations to the girl, and when she hotly demands an explanation he says "David did it." Here comes the big surprise of the play. The young lady swings neither left nor right, nor does she even attempt to kick David.

By the way, it is strange that David should be asked to go about on crutches all through the play. There is no adequate explanation. It is revealed at one point that his grandfather dropped him on the sidewalk as a child, but there seems to be no good reason why this accident should be visited upon the audience and the actor.

"The New York Dramatic News" says "Rich Man, Poor Man" will be acceptable, even if the critics of two morning papers—one a baseball reporter, the other on the outer edge of society—think otherwise. This we think is unfair discrimination against us. What debasement is beyond baseball reporting?

An actor from England has received unmerited censure here. Some of the critics thought that Hamilton Deane in "Fixing Sister" was poor. On the contrary, we think he is excellent. Mr. Deane is Lord Haggart, a villain, and the beauty of his performance is that there is no mistaking the fact he is a villain from the moment he steps on the stage. He may deceive the two women in the play, but folk in the topmost gallery can observe his guilty look as he lies and lies. When his lordship signals to his confederate in time of stress he does it badly. The sign for a wide one, or whatever it is, he wants, cannot be missed by any one in the theatre. It is well enough for lago to be sick, but when it comes to melodrama the villain must never be clever enough to thwart the hero for more than a fleeting moment.

Patriotism is a great thing, but somehow or other we fail to catch the thrill which should animate every spine when William Hodge as John Otis declines cigarettes and cigars and puffs down a triumphant curtain with his imitation briar in "Fixing Sister."

Standard Theatre

At the Standard Theatre the week's attraction will be "Just a Woman," Eugene Walter's drama. In the cast will be Mabel Brownell, Ernest Anderson, Stuart Fox, Marjorie Burt and others.

Bronx Opera House

"The Blue Paradise," which spent all of last season on Broadway, will be seen this week at the Bronx Opera House. It is a tuneful and humorous

THE CASE OF THE HATTONS

THE case of the collaborating Hattons, my dear Watson, is one of the most interesting that has come to the attention of theatre-goers since the invention of Sunday newspapers. Frederic and Fanny, their names are, and you will kindly observe that they are married. It is of particular importance that you remember that fact, inasmuch as they get along together so perfectly. If you will take down that little volume on the second shelf, old fellow, you will doubtless remember that they are playwrights from Chicago, and that they wrote "Years of Discretion" and "The Great Lover." Still further, they are the authors of "Upstairs and Down," which invaded the sacred precincts of Manhattan not long ago.

Mrs. Hatton herself will tell you that they were not always playwrights. Neither, she says, were they always married. It was only about seven years ago that they elected to throw in their fortunes together, and at that time, Watson, Mr. Hatton was writing about matters political for "The Chicago Post." His deftness at politics soon made it evident that he would be an ideal dramatic critic and to that eminence he was elevated. The new Mrs. Hatton wanted to be of any assistance to her husband that she could—really to help him in his work, you know—and you will be surprised to learn that in this instance the wife succeeded. If this smoke bothers you, just say the word.

Now, one of the peculiar things to be considered in this matter is that Mrs. Hatton had done no stroke of writing up to the time of her marriage, beyond, perhaps, an occasional cheque. Feeling that she was dramatically endowed by nature, however, Mr. Hatton proceeded to teach her the rudiments of the craft, and in a surprisingly short time she was proving of incalculable aid to him. They would go to a play, you know, and then review it together. Mr. Hatton would write about the play and Mrs. Hatton would write about the acting, or vice versa, and it was about that time that they began to make the remarkable discovery that they thought as one person. Being addicted to "Punch," Watson, you will say at once that all married persons make a similar discovery, and that the one person is the wife. In this instance, however, you will have erred. There will now be an intermission for cocaine—a 7 per cent solution.

Well, my dear fellow, as one pursues this baffling case further this similarity of thought becomes positively uncanny. From "The Post" Mr. and Mrs. Hatton went to "The Herald," and from "The Herald" they went into the playwrighting business exclusively. The important point, however, is that their plays are the same whether they are written by Mr. Hatton or Mrs. Hatton. As a matter of fact, they write all of them together—a scene by Mr. Hatton, you understand, and then one by Mrs. Hatton. But if Mr. Hatton were to write, Mrs. Hatton's

In the German Theatres

"Wei Einst im Mai," the German musical comedy now at the Irving Place, will be transferred to the Bandbox on Wednesday evening. "Der Lebende Leichnam" ("The Living Corpse") will be produced at the Irving Place Theatre on the same evening. It is a play by Tolstol, and Rudolph Christians and Heinrich Marlow will head the cast.

AROUND AND ABOUT

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

THEATRICAL managers, particularly those in New York, are face to face with a great catastrophe. For the eve of the approaching new year will come upon a Sunday, and there is no play in New York so mean that it cannot attract \$2,500 on the last night of the year. The managers, however, announce that they will not give up without a struggle. They call attention to the fact that numerous theatres regularly violate the law by the nature of their Sunday entertainments, it being the letter of the ordinance that Sunday shows shall be given without makeup, change of scenery or costumes other than the ordinary.

At present, however, there are no signs of undue agitation, and it is probable that most theatres will get part way around the difficulty by giving midnight performances.

Weeks of idleness are alternating with periods of feverish activity in the theatres this season. During the week to come, for example, there will be not a single production of the first order, the only events in prospect being the Kellermann film, and possibly Helen Freeman's somewhat vague Nine o'Clock Theatre. The schedule for the week of the 23d, however, already includes John Drew in "Major Pendennis," at the Criterion; "Come Out of the Kitchen," at the Cohan; "Object, Matrimony," at the Cohan & Harris; "So Long, Letty," at the Shubert; "Go To It," at the Princess, and the new show at the Winter Garden.

Who can say where the stars of the next generation are now working? William Hodge once supported the Rogers Brothers.

It is contended that the public wants light plays because there is enough misery in the world at present, but a wise first-nighter points out that many of the year's light plays have not tended to decrease the world's supply of misery.

And now it is discovered that the initials of Fay Bainter are emblazoned all over the asbestos curtain at the former Folies Bergere, now the Fulton.

Still a third leading woman has been selected for Willard Mack's "King Queen, Jack." The role that both Lola Fisher and Florence Reed have played will be in the hands of Jane Cowl when

WHERE PLAYS CONTINUE

DRAMA.

HARRIS....."Under Sentence"
FORTY-EIGHT STREET....."Rich Man, Poor Man"
THIRTY-NINTH STREET....."Backfire"
COHAN & HARRIS....."The Intruder"
FORTY-FOURTH STREET....."The Flame"
PLAYHOUSE....."The Man Who Came Back"

COMEDY.

LITTLE....."Hush"
ASTOR....."His Majesty Bunker Bean"
MAXINE ELLIOTT....."Fixing Sister"
FULTON....."Arms and the Girl"
CORT....."Upstairs and Down"
LYCEUM....."Mister Antonio"
EMPIRE....."Caroline"
HUDSON....."Pollyanna"
CRITERION....."Paganini"
GAITY....."Turn to the Right"
BELASCO....."The Boomerang"

FARCE.

LONGACRE....."Nothing but the Truth"
REPUBLIC....."His Bridal Night"
ELTINGE....."Cheating Cheaters"
GEORGE M. COHAN'S....."Seven Chances"

ONE-ACT PLAYS.

COMEDY.....The Washington Square Players

PANTOMIME.

BOOTH....."Pierrot the Prodigal"

MUSICAL.

GLOBE....."Betty"
NEW AMSTERDAM....."Miss Springtime"
CASINO....."Flora Bella"
HIPPODROME....."The Big Show"
SHUBERT....."The Girl from Brazil"
WINTER GARDEN....."The Passing Show of 1916"
ATOP FORTY-FOURTH STREET....."The Bull Ring"
ATOP NEW AMSTERDAM....."Midnight Frolic"
GARRICK....."Le Pollu"
BANDBOX....."Wie Einst im Mai"

THE TALKED-ABOUT MISS BAINTE



She has scored one of the individual successes of the season in "Arms and the Girl" at the Fulton.